Since hee's so great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me speaking, though I swcare to silence,
Nor bootes it mee to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
With hostile forces hee'l orespread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state;
Our men bee vanquisht, ere they do resist,
And subiects punisht that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pity of my selfe,
Who once no more but as the toppes of trees,
Which fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Make both my body pine, and my soule languish,
And punnish that before that he would punish.
1. *Lord* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred brest.
2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs
peacefull and comfortable.
Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the Bellowes blowes vp sin,
The thing the which is flattered but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heart and strouger growing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits Kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, and makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.
Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping and what lading in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Hellicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?
Hell. An angry brow dread Lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment?
Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.
Hell. I haue grouud the axe my selfe,
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise pret bee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eates heare their faults hid,
Fit Councellor aud seruant for a Prince,
who by thy wisedome makes a Prince thy seruant,
what wouldst thou haue me do?
Hell. To beare with patience such griefes,
As your selfe do lay vpon your selfe,
Per. Thou speakest like a Physition, *Hellicanus*
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue the selfe.
Attend me then; I went to *Antioch*,
whereas thou knowst (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects:
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe: But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse,
which feare so grew in me I hither fled
Vnder the houering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good Protector: and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares:
And should he thinke, as no doudt he doth,
That I should open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes bloud were shed,
To keepe his bed of blackuesse vnlaid o,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

And

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